Ease The Tension

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Ease The Tension

by BananaButterBoy

Summary

When reeling in a fish you have to give the line some leeway every once in a while, this prevents the line from receiving too much tension and breaking.

Hannibal, despite all his skill, doesn't know how to fish.

Hannibal breaks the line.

(On hiatus. My brain kinda hit a wall with this one.)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal sat alone in his quiet home. Soon all the puzzle pieces he had lovingly carved would fall into place. Soon the angel he had been watching and pining for would fall into his dark embrace.

Will Graham.

The most fascinating man that Hannibal had ever met. When he had gotten the chance to look him in the eyes he had seen something within them that had caused him pause, for for the first time he had seen himself. Ever since then, that shade of blue had seemed to follow him. He would see it on clothing racks at the store and in flowers on the street. It even seemed to follow him in dreams. A grey figure would watch him. The only detail that could be seen was its eyes which created a beautiful contrast with its dull skin. He would always feel naked under its gaze. Only in dreams was he free from his person suit prison, but ever since he had met Will Graham a new prison seemed to open up when he closed his eyes.

Not that he minded.

It was a comfortable prison. He began to yearn for his bed when he awoke especially after Will had been framed and imprisoned with some carefully placed evidence. The man was getting too close and the venture would help his becoming. His yearning seemed to reach its peak when he canceled all his plans and went straight to bed after he had visited Will and seen him cry. The figure in his dreams had tilted its head when he arrived and then closed its eyes. Throughout his sleep, the figure never opened them again as if in punishment. It knew why he was there at two in the afternoon and it would not give him what he had clearly come for. No matter how hard Hannibal had pleaded with it to look at him it would not.

Hannibal forced himself awake after that lovely blue shade began leaking from its closed eyes. He couldn't handle its silent sobs, the lack of noise somehow making his ears ring.

After that dream, he worked quickly to free his Will.

Framing Frederick was easy. The evidence against Will slowly falling apart with their remnants scattering onto the new host like a parasite. More evidence was left like bread crumbs and eventually, it all led to Chilton's unsuspecting door. He watched the news one evening and smiled as the announcer reported that his target had been arrested and that Will would be released due to lack of evidence. Hannibal went to bed that night hoping his creature would look at him. That it would be proud of his actions and reward him with its company and the mirror in its eyes.

When he arrived the creature’s face was clean of tears and it seemed to be calm.

However, its eyes were still closed. Hannibal walked forward and gently put a hand up to the grey figure's chin to make it face him. “I have done it. Soon you will be free and you may do what you wish. Threaten me, hurt me, kill me. Show me that you and I are one and the same. Fall oh sweet angel. Fall to my side and be my own.”

The figure still didn't open its eyes.

“Please look at me before I wake. I have given you your freedom and I seek the gift of your gaze. I will see your eyes in waking I know but even in sleep I yearn.”

The figure still didn't open its eyes.

“Please, my love. Don’t make me beg. I know I have done you wrong but I did it with good reason. I have seen your restraints and pulled them away. Once your becoming is complete we will be Gods among men you and I. We shall feast upon the flesh of fools who thought the world was in the palms of their filthy hands. I've freed you from layers of locks with but one key of my own making and yet you keep your heart from me even in dreams?”

The figure still didn't open its eyes.

It did however tilt its head.

The figure raised a hand to caress Hannibal's cheek, allowing him to lean in and relish the touch. Slowly it pulled him close. Hannibal stayed completely still as it placed a tender kiss on his lips. It was an innocent and gentle kiss.

It left him hungry.

The figure pulled away and rubbed its thumb on his cheek.

Then finally, it spoke.

“You have put me in a new cage. A new cage that will require a new key. This key will be painful to make. I will hurt you in ways you have never imagined for despite all your calculations you have harmed me in ways you never wanted.” Suddenly both its hands grabbed Hannibal's face pulling him in closer, nails embedding into his cheeks. “All the pain I give,” it whispered, “will be a reminder of what you did to me amidst your careless and selfish hubris. I will remind you that you are a mortal man.”

The creature pushed with brutal force causing the man to fall backwards. His heart sped up as his body seemed to continue falling into nothing, his darling fading into the dark. It looked at him with a sadness that filled his rapidly beating heart with something he hadn't felt in years.

Guilt. An agonizing sense of guilt.

There was a flash of blue as he felt his back hit his bed. He swiftly sat up panting and trying his best to calm down. It was a foreign feeling to wake up covered in sweat, fresh from a nightmare. His heart took time to ease back into its old rhythm. That feeling of guilt however seemed to stay. There was a wary feeling, similar to how a cat's fur bristles with the sense of an oncoming storm.

Something was coming.

Something was coming and he was afraid.

Chapter End Notes

Angst. Angst galore my friends.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Please note that this chapter may contain triggering content as it contains a detailed scene of an attempted suicide. Please be sure to take care of yourself and seek help if necessary.
>
> International Suicide Hotlines: https://blog.opencounseling.com/suicide-hotlines/

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Three weeks.

Will Graham was announced innocent and free three weeks ago and nobody had heard anything from them since.

It seemed everyone was trying to give him space. Maybe it was guilt or maybe it was a fear driven by underlying suspicions, some not fully convinced of his newest conviction.

Beverly had never felt so alone before.

She knew who she was. She was a social butterfly and although she knew how to stand on her own it never ceased to be unnerving. Beverly had been the only one who believed Will had been innocent with her whole chest. Many nights had been spent inspecting and analyzing notes and bodies to find any crumb of contradiction in the accusations against him. Many nights had been spent guiltily staring at the ceiling with an empty bottle of beer feeling like she had failed. They had been friends for years having met in college and pulled together by shared interests.

She had been relentless in her pursuit of a friendship. She didn't know why, she just wanted to. At first, Will had denied her, fearing it was due to pity, but after many crappy college lunches and pleasant silences in libraries as they studied late at night he had learned she wasn't the type to do such things out of pity. With his empathy he already knew, but he lied to himself out of a need to protect himself. Surely he was wrong? Nobody would want to be friends with someone as strange as him. But she stuck to him and they have remained each other's support since. Although Will never understood he leaned into it and gradually accepted it.

And now Beverly was driving, edging dangerously close to the speed limit, feeling like shit. Admittedly she had been too ashamed to visit Will. Despite all her skill and intellect, Will had been freed purely because the killer had been sloppy. She had failed him as his friend and support. It took a while to realize how selfish she was being. What mattered was Will at the moment not her self-loathing. So she finally gathered herself, went shopping for some gifts, and finally decided to make the drive over.

Will needed her. He needed a lot of things. Things he would never ask for and push off with the excuse that they weren't necessary. Sometimes she wished she could scrub all the mess from his brain, make him start from scratch, and learn how to accept that people loved and cared for him, but she would have to do her best with the cards they'd both been dealt.

And maybe that was why Will had opened up to her. She didn't seek to fix him or analyze him like many others who had gawked at him like some kind of psychological anomaly. She had sought to give him the affection he would never say he needed simply because she wanted to. She found him interesting for who he was and how he thought instead of what he was and how he functioned. She had become like what he imagined siblings were.

Bev knew this and that guilt at her absence from such a difficult time in his life threatened to boil itself in her stomach. Right now she had a mission and she wouldn't let anything get in the way of that.

Especially now that she saw the full damage.

She parked and couldn't help but stare in disbelief at Will's house. The place was in shambles. Various things littered the yard and building. Choice words were sprayed on its sides, nearly all the windows were broken, the lawn was covered in garbage like snack bags and beer bottles, and Beverly nearly vomited as the wind carried the scent of old semen, urine, and feces toward her. She gathered her courage, ignoring the curdle in her gut, and walked forward.

The door fell just from the brush of her fingertips, kicking up more of the brutal cocktail of scents that had been left to marinate in the abandoned home.

Unbeknownst to her, Will’s home had become akin to a ghost story. Youths would whisper of the old house in the fields saying it housed a killer. Soon those stories grew and mutated into more. Claims of ghosts of victims wandering around and the sound of hellhounds scratching and scrounging for any remaining human flesh left by their absent master. And thus the college dares and parties began. Young daredevils seeking a thrill by breaking in and making a mess any way they could. Making marks through piss and paint as a show of dominance over someone who would have mauled them had they met. The inside of the house fared no better than its yard.

Beverly pulled the scarf around her neck over her nose to shield herself from the smell and cold. Somehow it was even colder inside than outside where the sky had been threatening snow for about a week. She hesitantly walked in calling for Will, carefully avoiding the mysterious stains and broken glass that were scattered on the floor.

The silence was disturbing.

Regardless, she continued, looking through each room to find what she came for. A part of her doubted that Will would've stayed in a place like this, but her intuition encouraged her search. Once all the lower rooms were checked she gathered her courage to climb the stairs. The feeling of regurgitation was threatening her throat. She tried to make herself believe it was due to the smell and not the fear of what she would find.

She winced at the horrid creak of one of the steps, fearing its stability. Despite all the warning signs she trekked forward for her friend. Upstairs the smell was particularly bad. The windows upstairs had been spared and thus there was no circulation for the air and nowhere for the scents to go. Her intuition led her to Will's bedroom door. Somehow her mind told her none of the other rooms would give her what she wanted.

Her heartbeat raised as she reached for the doorknob. Her heart screamed at her to leave, but her mind was determined. The door unfortunately was somewhat jammed and after jostling the door knob and pushing and pulling she decided enough was enough and rammed the sole of her foot into it. She curled and turned away at the dust and wood chips that scattered as the door hit the floor. When she turned everything seemed to slow down.

Suddenly she was outside of her body witnessing as it moved without her. It walked towards the bed in the center of the room. Her consciousness looked and she tried to scream.

It looked like a horror scene.

No cadaver she had ever inspected could even compare.

Will was on the bed in a white shirt and boxers. The once-white shirt was covered with stains from sweat, alcohol, and his own blood. Scars littered his limbs, some fresher than others, meaning he had been doing this for a while. Various bottles of alcohol were by his side. Some were on the bed, whatever remaining contents, leaking onto the filthy sheets while others were broken on the floor. There was a spectrum of pill bottles alongside them. Everything that had happened was disturbingly clear.

Beverly's mind screamed and cried watching the scene before her. She watched helplessly as her body walked forward and brought two fingertips to the side of Will's throat. A beat reverberated through her and even though she wanted to stay her body pulled her away. It walked out and down the stairs, only stopping when that one previously loud step gave way causing her foot to fall through the floor. Her mind winced, but her body simply stood back up, ignoring the splinters in her leg and the blood that started to seep through her jeans. She followed her body, weeping and screaming. A part of her wanted to go back in, to be in her skin again and take the reins, but her body seemed to be rejecting her for her protection, knowing that it would become too real and prevent her from doing what it needed to do. It seemed to recognize that time was of the essence.

Her body sat in the driver's seat and grabbed the phone in her purse. It called 911 and rattled off the circumstances and location. When the sirens were heard it left the car and watched as people ran around. Some, upon seeing her injury, ran to her and managed to get her body to the ambulance. Beverly watched as they patched her up and turned in time to see them carrying Will to where they were. When everything had settled and the vehicle began to move she sat by Will, occasionally taking time to check on herself. She wanted to reach and touch, to hold Will. She didn't care about the smell of urine that permeated his body or that he was covered in filth. She wanted to lay on his chest to listen for his heartbeat. Any reminder that he was still alive.

They were separated when they arrived at the hospital. Her mind screamed at them to let her stay by Will's side, but her body was pliant as they moved her. She watched as they prepared

her body for surgery as the wound on her leg was much worse than she had thought. The room darkened as she watched her eyes close.

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She was back in herself when she opened her eyes. Tears immediately welled up and she screamed at the ceiling. Aides rushed to restrain her as she thrashed, attempting to get up and run like a wild dog trying to find its pups. She screamed Will's name between sobbed apologies. A nurse came forward, assuring her that Will was safe and stable. He repeated himself calmly until Beverly's panicked outburst ebbed away, the exhaustion of the day catching up to her alongside the comfort of her friend's safety.

Will was alive.

Will was alive.

Will was alive.

Her mind repeated itself as it slowly slipped into unconsciousness.

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Hannibal had never left a meal unfinished.

He didn't like to waste food and he didn't like to reheat it either. Once he started cooking he would stay until the meal was plated and eaten. His dishes would always be at their freshest when served.

Until tonight.

After an unexpected phone call, he had turned off the stove, grabbed his jacket, and left, leaving the juices of cut vegetables to stain cutting boards and the sauce to burn from the remaining heat and lack of stirring.

Six weeks.

The last time Hannibal Lecter saw Will Graham was six weeks ago.

The last time Hannibal had seen him the man had been in tears, feeling abandoned and confused. He had dedicated his time to freeing him and had waited for his revenge after his release. There was no doubt Will knew who Hannibal was by now. The man wasn't stupid. After a while though Hannibal had begun to feel worried and his nightmares were not helping. The creature kept punishing him, causing him to occasionally wake up in the middle of the night to escape its horrid silence. It ignored him constantly, not talking or looking at him. He would have honestly preferred if it screamed and beat him. Very rarely did it turn to him and when it did Hannibal felt fear at the absolute agony on its face.

The image of his creature's face flashed through his mind as he drove to the hospital. He had fought himself on whether or not to simply visit Will after his release but maintained his patience.

He would give anything to rewind everything.

The man stumbled into the building after a messy parking job, borderline running to the reception desk and trying to keep his voice steady as he stated why he was there. The woman at the counter gave a look of sympathy before calling Will's doctor over to guide him to his room. “We couldn't find any family and you were at the top of his emergency contact list. I know you have experience in this due to your profession, Dr.Lecter, but I still must warn you that what you see may be very triggering,” the doctor said. Hannibal merely nodded and swallowed the lump in his throat. The doctor opened the door for him and made his leave after Hannibal thanked him and walked in.

After hearing the door close behind him he nearly fell to his knees.

Hannibal had expected many things. Sometimes he would get visions of Will coming at him with a knife in the middle of the night. On some occasions, he could feel the cool metal of his gun pressed to his forehead. Once he woke to a mirage of Will on top of him, shyly unbuttoning his flannel shirt, the weight so real he gasped when he reached out and felt nothing.

This was the absolute last thing he was expecting.

It was awful.

Will looked small in the hospital bed. The man was thin with pasty pale skin and large dark rings under his eyes. Some curls stuck to his forehead while others curled outward dry and splitting. Gauze was wrapped tightly along his arms and Hannibal's stomach lurched at the thought of what may be underneath. Of course, he knows though. As much as he wants to deny it, to think that Will simply had hurt his arm due to a fall or that he had a rash, the bloody splotchy lines seeping through the bandages were too real to ignore.

The guilt he felt was back and the words of the creature in his dreams echoed through his mind.

“I will remind you that you are a mortal man.”

It had been a long time since he felt guilt or fear. Not since he lost his sister Mischa and forcibly consumed her in his dedication had he felt these feelings. He thought them lost after such an event, the actions leaving him feeling beyond mortality leaving him as death's artist.

He could bring people to their knees.

He could play with minds as well as he played melodies.

He brought human beings down with expertise and no hesitation like farmers did to pigs.

But Will was different. Will was not an ordinary man to him and he loathed that it took this to make him truly realize that. He had buried the feeling behind fascination and intrigue and had denied himself that this was not more than just a game to see the limits of such a beautiful mind. To break a teacup and see how sharp its edges could be.

In truth he was lonely.

He saw Will and knew Will did the same. He saw his equal in him. Saw something wonderful in him.

Wanted him.

Craved him.

He walked forward and reached out to hold one of Will's hands with his own shaky ones. It was so cold it bordered on burning. The older man brought fingertips to the sleeping man's wrist and, despite the heart monitor by the bed being loud and clear, he breathed a small sigh at the faint pulse he felt. The beat felt like his anchor to the reality that Will was real and alive. That he wouldn't disappear. His vision blurred and his face felt warm as tears began to fall down his cheeks. He knelt by the bed and kissed the younger man's knuckles. He didn't care about the lingering scent of urine or the clamminess of his skin, he held the hand close as if it were his most prized possession.

And in a way it was.

Will was his.

Will was *his* .

Chapter End Notes

Hugs and kisses, however know that we aren't finished yet.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He felt hands. He felt hands touching him. He tried to remain silent as cold rough fingers reached all over his body. As much as he tried he couldn't see and even then he wasn't sure he even wanted to. Maybe he could pretend it wasn't real. Turn the offending appendages into blades of grass as he woke up on a serene forest floor by a loud rushing river. But as much as he tried to leave they kept pulling him back, grabbing and groping leaving him cold, afraid, and shaking.

Then there was a warmth in the palm of his left hand.

The warmth moved and seemed to envelop his whole hand. It felt like some unknown entity was holding it with reverence. Will stretched his fingers slightly and they landed on something that felt like a pulse. A melodious rhythm that began to relax him.

With each beat a hand seemed to leave until he could feel nothing but the calming presence in his palm. He felt the unseen entity lift his hand and lay what felt like a gentle kiss upon it. The kiss was followed by the strange sensation of small droplets of water. Will twitched as some of the heat from his hand migrated to his forehead. The headache that had begun sneaking up on him drew back at the touch. There was another kiss on his cheek this time. More water followed, warm as it hit his skin and turning cold as it dropped across his cheek to his ears. His brain struggled to clear and alert the rest of his body to rise but he seemed to be trapped in the strange in-between of waking thoughts and unconscious dreams. He could hear a steady beeping that annoyed him and there was a light that was threatening to penetrate past his eyelids.

He also had the distinct feeling he was being watched.

The feeling didn't give way to fear though. It wasn't that curdle one got in their stomach before doing a presentation to the class or that raised heartbeat that grew faster alongside the footsteps of a closely following stranger.

This was different.

It was sweet.

It was like a lover was watching him sleep after a nice night or he had fallen asleep in the car and they were looking at him to contemplate whether to wake him or carry him inside.

It was safe.

Too soon that warmth began to slide through his fingers and he gathered any possible strength to reach and grasp it like a lifeline.

"I'm not leaving Will," a voice whispered to him. "Not now. Not ever again."

His grip loosened at those words. The entity moved away and after a few scrapes of something being dragged along the floor irritated his ears he felt it was back. That warmth was back and soon came a smooth melody. The being by his side sang with words he did not know yet somehow understood.

It reassured him of his safety.

It reassured him of its company.

It sang with sorrow and regret each lyric laced with hesitant yearning love. Although fried, his mind's empathy felt all of it. That yearning began to become his own and he longed to open his eyes. But as the song continued it coaxed his mind to ease and soon he slipped away fully into a sweet dreamless sleep.

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Hannibal continued to sing to Will even after his eyes stopped shifting under his eyelids. He slightly smiled at the thought that Will was looking for him. He didn't dare sleep himself. One reason was that he refused to not have Will in his sights, but also for fear of his dream creature. Even now he could feel as if it were standing across the bed from him, mourning a man it knew wasn't dead. Hannibal refused to look up. He knew it wasn't real, he was a trained professional in how the brain functioned, but years of training and studying didn't make it suddenly *feel* less real.

Reading symptoms on a paper was not the same thing as enduring it. Fighting something that caused many to use drugs and alcohol to escape was not the same as watching others do it. It was a lingering shadow on the brain that couldn't quite be captured by scans or seen under a microscope. No, *feeling* it was something foreign to him.

Feeling it hurt.

The older man twitched when he heard the door to the room open. He looked up to see Alana Bloom peeking in, trying to stay quiet at seeing that Will was sleeping. She gently closed the door behind her and, mindful of her heels, walked to the side of the bed to look down at Will. Hannibal noted that she looked guilty and sad and yet also relieved.

“How is he?” she whispered.

“He’s going to be alright. They pumped his stomach and cleaned him up to prevent infection. He will have to stay for a couple of days after he wakes for observation.”

“What then Hannibal?” Alana asked, worried suddenly. “His house is in shambles, he has no family, and I refuse to institutionalize him. Not so soon after his release from the BSHCI.” Hannibal hummed in agreement. With the way Will was he would never get the treatment he truly needed. There was no doubt that something had happened when he was at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. He would do some research and plan accordingly. “Have you checked on Miss Katz? I heard she injured herself helping Will,” Hannibal inquired, trying to change the subject. He already knew where Will would go, but he needed to make it seem he had contemplated what Alana said to not make it seem like he was basically just taking Will out of nowhere.

“She’s fine. Had to get some stitches and she sprained her ankle slightly, but she'll live.” Alana gave a deep sigh. “The only way they could get her to sleep was to repeatedly tell her Will was fine. I can't blame her. The moment I heard the news I got here as fast as I could.”

They both stood in silence simply staring at the man in the bed. After a few moments, Alana offered to get them something to eat with a small joke that Hannibal would probably be bed-bound as well if he ate anything the hospital cafeteria offered. Hannibal accepted and had to practically force the woman to take his card for the errand. She left after one more glance at Will and then they were alone again.

Hannibal went back to staring at Will. He watched the way his chest rose and fell repeatedly and would slightly smile at how the man would twitch in his sleep. It was nice to see the usually tense man so calm despite the circumstances. He couldn't help himself and leaned in to kiss his forehead again and was surprised when Will seemed to lean after him, subtly chasing his touch.

Surely it was just his imagination.

Will just had a poorly timed stretch in his sleep.

For a moment though he let himself believe the former. The idea that even in dreams Will sought him out just as he did the other. He wondered if he appeared to him and in what form. Maybe Will recognized him.

That was a nice thought.

Alana came back about an hour later. The food for them both was set aside as Hannibal refused to eat until Will woke up. It would be rather rude otherwise he argued. They talked for a while in hushed tones so as not to wake their sleeping friend. Soon the sun began to set and Alana made her leave.

“You really should go home and rest Hannibal. I'm sure he will be here when you come back,” she said, barely suppressing a yawn between words. “I know,” Hannibal replied quietly. “But it wouldn't do for him to wake without a familiar face.” The young woman stood still for a moment before nodding her head and making her leave with a polite “goodnight.” Clearly, her companion would be unmoving in his decision from the determined look on his face and she was much too tired to debate the topic. Hannibal went back to staring at Will, ignoring any feelings of hunger or fatigue.

I owe him so much he thought. *The least I can do is wait for him.*

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It felt like something was caressing his face. The hand was somewhat cold and a thumb was roving over his cheekbone. He leaned into the touch, enjoying the contact. The hand soon moved to hold his chin to lift it. Hannibal opened his eyes understanding what he was being expected to do. His creature was looking at him, its face the most serene it had been in weeks. It looked at him in an almost fond way.

“You came to me,” it whispered. “Even at the expense of your expensive meal?” It was odd to hear the figure joke, but he enjoyed it. “Anything for you my love.” It smiled at that and lay a small kiss on his forehead.

“Will you ever forgive me?” Hannibal asked. “For my selfishness. For my foolishness?” The gray figure tipped its head to the side in contemplation. “In time,” it whispered. “You leave me desperate. You leave me stupid in my feelings for you. I knew for a while that you kept catching me to see me squirm to breathe. A game to see how long I could keep above water. And yet every time you threw me back into my sweet river to allow me a chance to catch my breath I found myself swimming back to you. Eager in your game to test my limits. To show you what I sacrifice for your company.”

“And now I’ve pushed too far. I broke the line in my desire to see your beautiful becoming. I’ve left you breathless and thirsty. Do you wish for me to finally remove the hook? To remove any trace of my damage? Or do you wish for me to tie the remains of our broken line to our fingers like a red thread?” Hannibal leaned in as he spoke. “Would you be mine even after all this?”

His dream creature hummed in a strange delight. “You see me,” it said. “I’m afraid even if I wanted to leave you we have begun to blur beyond such an escape. So take what you want.”

“I have done enough taking, I only wish to give now. To you, I will give blood and flesh, whether it be from strangers or myself. Take everything.” Hannibal dared to touch and it keened at the feeling of his hands on its body. Emboldened he leaned in for a kiss only for his greatest desire to deny him once more.

“There is still more to do. I will give you everything, but first,” it suddenly grabbed his face very much like the first night it had begun its torment. “I will give you pain before pleasure. Be patient and endure my grueling punishment before you rest in my love.” Once more the thing pushed him and he was falling. Although in comparison to the last time, he felt lighter. Despite that though he still sat up with a gasp when he figuratively and literally hit the floor.

He slowly calmed himself, taking deep breaths and counting in his head as he picked himself up. After properly sitting back in his chair he turned to check on his friend.

He didn't expect to be met with bright blue eyes.

Nor did he expect them to be so empty.

Chapter End Notes

Diddly dee he is awake. Welcome to the angst woods we are gonna be here for a while before we get to the fluff picnic.

Also, I don't care if my writing is pretentious, its Hannigram and I just write what sounds pretty.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal felt a cold shiver up his spine. In all the months he had known Will he had never seen him sit so still. The man was known for being twitchy, with a body as shifty as his eyes, constantly looking uncomfortable. Now however he was as still as a deer watching a car come towards itself. His eyes were cloudy and unseeing despite them being turned in Hannibal's direction.

"Will?" Hannibal asked. He would've cringed at how pitiful it sounded if he wasn't so focused on something much more important at the moment.

"Hannibal."

It wasn't a question, merely a statement. It was spoken softly as if he was attempting to remind himself of the man's name.

"How are you?"

Hannibal was ready for a lot of things. He was ready for Will to scream at him. He was ready for Will to jump and run to tell a nurse to call Jack and have him arrested. He was even partially bracing himself for Will to just strike him on reflex.

He wasn't ready for "How are you?"

"I should be asking you, my dear," he said after a few moments. He felt his heart speed up at the slip of endearment, but luckily it seemed Will didn't notice or at least care enough to ask about it. Will tilted his head and Hannibal saw a flash of his creature.

"Why?" Will asked.

The man was unnerving. All of his words were soft as he stared into nothing and sat perfectly still. At first, Hannibal was confused by the question then he realized what he was referring to.

"I……I was selfish. I let you see me because I saw you. I needed you to see what would happen if I was caught. See how they would be caging an artist meant to clean the world of the unworthy and make them worth something. I had every intention of freeing you and I awaited for you to reign your beautiful fury on me and show me your gorgeous rage. Then you would see we are the same and join me." He didn't expect to spill everything. He felt like an unfaithful spouse running to a church confessional in a pitiful attempt to assuage his guilt. Will's body was his barrier as his mind judged him. The man had never been so unreadable before.

"I should turn you in," he said finally.

“And I would let you,” was Hannibal's near-immediate response.

Suddenly Hannibal's cheek felt like it was burning as his eyes focused onto the white walls of the room. It took a few seconds for him to realize that Will had slapped him.

“Fuck you.”

Tears threatened the edges of his eyes and Hannibal felt a lurch in his gut at yet another flash of his creature.

“You know I can't.” Despite Will's voice remaining soft there was a blatant venomous undertone. “I can't. I…..I need you. I need you you selfish fucking bastard. Don't you dare throw me away again, you're supposed to be my paddle. I shouldn't want you. I don't understand.” He reached forward and grabbed Hannibal by his suit jacket, “You’re mine to hurt. I want to hurt you, only me. Only me.” Will's tears suddenly grew too heavy to hold and they began to drop down his cheeks into his unruly stubble. “You’re the only one. You're my only one. You understand. You can see. You're mine. MINE.”

Hannibal’s eyes widened as he watched the man before him unravel. Will tucked his head into Hannibal's chest practically using the older man as his personal tissue.

“You’re blurring into me.”

Hannibal slowly brought his arms up to hold Will. He was gentle and let him sob into his shirt. The younger man's words echoed in his mind and he vowed to learn what had happened during his stay at the BSHCI. It must have been horrific for Will to not even want someone as awful as him to go there. He was also left awestruck at his attachment to him. The first time they had met there had undeniably been a bond there. They had dropped into each other’s lives so hard they had left an indent at just a mere look. Will had let him look in his mind and when he showed no hesitation at its horrors, had let him stay. He let Hannibal hear him and even touch him with no restraint or boundary.

Maybe that was why he couldn't let Hannibal go.

They had become akin to a drug to one another. Dangerous and unhealthy, but absolutely irresistible.

“I’m so stupid. You make me stupid,” Will sobbed.

The doctor brought a hand up to his hair and subtly tried to take out some of the knots so his hands had something to do. “You are far from stupid my dear Will. If anything, I am the fool. I will do everything I can to make everything up to you. Take everything from me. My possessions, my freedom, my life if you must. I am yours.” He brought a hand up to lift Will's chin and dared to lay a small peck on his lips. He tensed as Will lifted a fist, ready for another hit, but the fist soon fell and instead, he felt the other's head fall onto his chest in exhaustion.

“Fix this.”

“I promise I will my love.”

Chapter End Notes

This will be the last short chapter I promise. A scene of Hannibal getting roughed up a little as a gift from me to you. We're only just getting started.

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